
Title: a notebook

Author:

Woe on to thee, who
would see the angel of
Zemyaza fall.

The ashes do not rest
peacefully and the Shroud
ripples with the fury of
a lord of the night.
The children call and the
lord answers. There shall
be a shrine to the
Eternal Night, and inside
there will be another.

The shrine of the lord
will house the sacred
ashes and the hand that
once brought upon the
world great darkness,
both in a casket made of
the purest shadow iron
and filled with the soil of
the City of Bridges,
Vesper.
Eternal life in peace.